

Inside His Delirium

by TheOtherWillow

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Summary: Missing scene for "Biogenesis," MulderPOV What happened when Diana got off the phone with CSM?

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TITLE: Inside His Delirium AUTHOR: Denise Morgen EMAIL: meadora@hotmail.com FEEDBACK: The quick and easy way to have a shrine erected in you honor! SPOILERS: Biogenesis RATING: PG-13 for adult language CATEGORY: MA SUMMARY: I refuse, I just REFUSE to believe Mulder would crawl back to Diana after how much closer he and Scully have been getting, so to ease my shipper mind I have devised my own version of what happened at Mulder's apartment. DISCLAIMER: They're not mine. Duh. I didn't ask to play with them. Yet another Duh. Need I say more? Oh yeah, don't bother to sue me; the government already owns my sorry ass. NOTE: This is a companion piece to 'Dementia', while it will make sense without it I recommend reading both. They can be found at dennysx.cjb.net on the My Fanfiction page.

Inside His Delirium by Denise Morgen

Mulder placed the phone on the floor beside him. He wasn't surprised that Scully hadn't bought his theory; he hadn't really expected her to. He closed his eyes and scrubbed his hands wearily through his hair. He could hear Diana in the other room on the phone but her voice was too low for him to make out any of the words. He wasn't real clear on how she'd found him or how they'd gotten here but he just wished she'd leave. God, he knew exactly what Scully was thinking when she heard that woman's voice and he knew he was in for it next time he saw her in person. Diana had been a sore spot between them ever since she'd come back into his life.

Mulder sighed wearily and slid down further underneath the covers of his bed. With a groan he realized that what he'd taken for the empty drone of silence was actually the building cacophony that had been plaguing him since he'd first seen the rubbing of that unusual artifact. He peeked his eyes open and, sure enough, the world had taken on the hazy consistency of Vaseline on a camera lens, colors

bleeding together and melding around the edges. Burying himself in his covers, he fought against the rising wave of disjointed voices that seemed to wash over his consciousness.

Reality had become fluid and wax-like the voices melted into each other, but for the first time he was able to pick out actual words amid their rambling babble:

lightlightlightlostthelightinthedarknessbeginingfallslidelostwantneed-

He could hear Diana coming toward his room and surprisingly the voices seemed to take notice of her presence as well:

darknightdarkevilwrongsheisbetraylsheisdeathsheisthedarknesssheisthe darknesssheisthedarkness...

He could feel her move up to his side. She brushed a lock of hair away from his forehead and he winced at the burning ice of her touch and the voices screamed out in indignation:

corruptiondeathdecayevilwrongnightsheisthedarknesssheisthedarkness...

Suddenly Mulder could feel the blackness coming off her in waves as she leaned near him on the bed to pull herself into a standing position. He felt his entire body recoil in disgust and try to force the creeping tendrils of it away from him. Like smoke it wound itself around him and the voices cried out over and over in a wailing refrain:

sheisthedarknesssheisthedarknesssheisthedarknesssheisthedarkness...

The foul presence receded as she crossed around the bed and he felt himself almost relax until she lifted the covers. He was certain his body froze down to the cellular level when he felt her slide into bed beside him. The shock of her corruption hit him like a tidal wave, he could almost smell the decay of her soul as she reached out to him. Now the voices joined his as he retreated as far down into himself as he could:

goddon'tlethertouchmeanythingbutthatgetmeoutofherehelpwhere'sScullymy whiteknightmyprotectionmysaviormyheartsheisthelighttobanishthedarkness myshieldScullyscullyscullyscullyscullyscullyscullyscullyscullyscully...

Apparently he must of spoken aloud because Diana paused in her reaching and Mulder almost sighed in relief. His reprieve was brief though and unexpectedly her hand shot out and grasped his shoulder.

Mulder screamed as he leapt away from her hated touch. Every atom that had come into contact with her flesh cried out in pain as the inky blackness sought to invade his body, carving him with a thousand

tiny knives of dark ice.

He paced the length of the room; keeping her always in sight. The voices wailed their disgust at her unwanted contact:

infectionsicknessdarknessspreadslikefireburnslikeicebetrayldeath...

He watched her like a hawk as she raised herself off the floor and crept towards him. As soon as she started to move he dropped to his knees so that he could be ready to move in any direction. She had yet to meet his eyes and when she stopped in front and brought up her icy gaze to his he felt his soul shrivel back in revulsion at the emptiness there. The voices screamed at him to run, to hide, to attack, anything to keep this walking desecration from touching him again. They stared at each other silently for a moment and he could read her decision to move in her hollow eyes. He felt a bolt of panic race like electricity through his system. He would not let her touch him again! The thought and the movement occurred in the same instant. Suddenly he was leaping at her, knocking her aside with wide open arms and throwing her into the wall. He retched in disgust at the corruption from the meeting of their skins. He watched relieved as she slid to the ground in an unconscious slump.

He kneeled against the wall for a minute to get his bearings. Even unconscious her decay reached for him with shaking phantom hands from across the room. Mulder stumbled to his feet and out into the living room to collapse on his beloved couch. He curled in on himself and wrapped his body into the smallest ball he could manage. Rocking back and forth soothingly, he began to chant with the other voices to hold off the encroaching darkness...

Fini.

End
file.